

Proposed Revision of The Ten Commandments

After 3,400 years modern progress and scientific advance have caused the dignitaries of the Church of England to consider the abridgment of the fundamental a thing as the Ten Commandments.

The reason for this action, as given here by the Ven. William Macdonald Sinclair, the Archdeacon of London, will be read with interest by all Christendom.

(By the Ven. William Macdonald Sinclair, Archdeacon of London, Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral.)

It has been proposed by Dr. Furneaux, Dean of Winchester, to revise the Ten Commandments as they now appear in our Book of Common Prayer. The Commandments to be modified are the Second, Fourth and Tenth.

The Second Commandment now reads: "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in Heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and show mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments."

The proposed amendment of this commandment is:

"Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image to bow down to and to worship."

The Fourth commandment now reads: "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou labor and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work;

thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it."

The proposed amendment of this is: "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day."

The Tenth Commandment now reads: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his."

The proposed amendment of this is simply:

"Thou shalt not covet."

Nothing beyond the proposition of the Dean of Winchester has developed, and it is impossible to say whether this attempt to abridge the Ten Commandments will be successful.

There are so many people who consider that the sanctity of the Ten Commandments forbids any alteration, that I anticipate much opposition to the plan. Personally, I believe that the Second, Fourth and Tenth Commandments might be revised without sacrificing any of the strength or pungency of these divine laws.

I believe that to compete with the new cults and the new religions, the established churches should keep abreast the times to a great extent. I think moderation should be observed or otherwise there would be vital changes with each decade of these rapidly moving times. This vacillation would tend to destroy the power of the church, but I am sure that the Ten Commandments will not be altered carelessly or without due

thought from the many distinguished gentlemen before whom the Dean of Winchester's idea must pass.

Whether it is best to make these radical changes in view of the antiquity and holiness of the Ten Commandments, is debatable.

The Second Commandment lends itself to change most readily. The essence of the thought is incorporated in the first two sentences. The modern idea of God is qualified in the line, "I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God." Surely, jealousy is not a divine attribute. Then, moreover, the visiting of the sins of the fathers has always been questioned—its justice and its truth. Of course, we have the trace in diseases and sinful habits, but it is not a popular belief that the guiltless should suffer for the guilty.

The Fourth Commandment is very archaic. It is needlessly long, and there are very many who do not accept the creation of the world in six days.

The Tenth Commandment seems equally faulty. I cannot see why the possession of a house should have precedence over the possession of a wife, and the terse sentence—"Thou shalt not covet"—embraces everything. Placing a man's ox and his ass on a level with his wife is repugnant to civilized modern people, and must be especially so to the woman suffragists. The other Commandments, which are of equal and perhaps greater importance, have not the elaborate details, for instance—"Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt do no murder," etc. In fact, I agree that the brevity of these Commandments is intensifying, and if good taste can be reconciled to the abridged Commandments, I approve of the plan.

o'clock in the morning, as I said before, and the heavy dew of night had made it right cold. So as Mr. and Mrs. Davis were ordered out of their tent, I grabbed up Mrs. Davis' raglan coat, thinking I had Mr. Davis' coat instead, and threw it around his shoulders.

"So when he stepped out of the tent he did have a woman's coat on for a moment, but it was only for a moment, because I saw the mistake right away, and changed coats, putting Mr. Davis' on instead of the one belonging to Mrs. Davis that I had thrown on in the hurry and excitement of the time.

"Anybody that ever knew Jefferson Davis knows that he would not have tried to disguise himself in a woman's clothes. Anybody that ever knew him knew that he didn't have a cowardly hair in his head.

"Even after they had captured Mr. Davis the Union soldiers didn't know they had him until I told them. The officer that took charge of the party said, 'Isn't this Davis' camp?' and I answered, 'Yes, this is Mr. Davis camp.'

"Where is he? he asked then.

"There he stands," I said, pointing to him, not three feet away.

"What made me feel bad about it all was the fact that it was my camp fire, the fire that I was using to wash and dry the baby's clothes, which gave the enemy's scouts the first clue to our presence in the woods. If it hadn't been for that fire Mr. Davis would have got away as sure as you are standing there.

"From where we were captured down in the woods near Irwin, Ga., we were taken, as I said before, to Macon, where General Wilson had his headquarters, and then to Fortress Monroe. We stayed at Fortress Monroe two weeks, and I was the only one of the servants that was kept with the family.

"And I tell you what the soldiers treated me mighty mean at Fortress Monroe, bootin' me around and stickin' bayonets into me until I was near dead. You see, some of the other servants told the soldiers that I knew where Mr. Davis had hidden all his valuables, and they thought they could make me tell them where they were located.

"But I wouldn't any more tell them than I would have taken a pistol and killed Mr. and Mrs. Davis, for they were the best friends I ever had in this world, and when I come

The Star's Ten Minute Rapid-Fire Short Story

By William Heyliger.

Twice Major Ike Gleason bombarded a distant cuspidor with a stream of tobacco juice, and twice he marveled at the exactness of his aim. Then that citizen of the world, that ex-soldier and man of affairs, spoke.

"I overheard two gentlemen talking today," he said slowly. "They were discussing Wall street and the prominent men that sink in iniquity contains. They seemed to think that Rockefeller, Morgan, Gates and the rest of them were little giants of finance. I pitied those gabblers, sir, from the bottom of my heart I pitied them."

I held my peace and waited. Major Ike chewed savagely on his flowing mustache.

"You should have known McCormick Ryan," he continued. "In an age of satellites he was a planet, but the dark cloud of adversity settled around him and obscured his brightness. Those who knew him personally respected him; those who knew him only through his work remembered him."

"It was impossible to forget McCormick Ryan. For a while he gleamed through the West like a guiding star; then, from the black depths of faithlessness in one's fellow man, science reached out an investigating, incredulous hand, and McCormick passed."

Major Ike's breast heaved. I lit a cigar.

"I met him," he went on, "in San Francisco. He was breezy, sir, remarkably breezy. He bumped into me on the steps of our hotel, he apologized and the next moment he invited me to join him in a tour of the town."

"Perhaps he recognized in me a kindred spirit, perhaps he reasoned that two can live, or drink as cheaply as one. We started out with high hats, we returned with only the rims, and late in the morning we awoke in each other's arms."

"Quite lovingly," I commented.

"Ah," sighed Major Ike, "he was a loving man, cursed with the love of his neighbor. He had traveled over most of the world, and everywhere he had seen a goodly quota of the sick and the ailing."

"His heart was touched. He was a believer in lithia water—lithia water for the sick and for the well, for the young and for the old, for diseases that were known and for diseases that were unknown. And why not? he argued. Lithia water in itself was good for the kidneys. Add a little turpentine, and it could also be used as a liniment; add a little wild cherry, and it would partake of the nature of a cough syrup. The different combinations were as limitless as ether."

"The world was sick, and the world desired to be cured. With tears of sympathy in his eyes, and in a voice that trembled with emotion, McCormick Ryan resolved that he would cure."

In some distant tower a clock struck ten, Major Ike pulled his mustache and stared off into space.

"He was a philanthropist," he said at last, "and a philanthropist of the highest order of benevolence. He offered me a half partnership, and I accepted, I was to look after the manufacturing, and he was to see that Gleason's Elixia of Life was brought before the public notice."

"If he were alive today, sir, he would be kept busy declining offers to become dean of this and that correspondence school of Applied Publicity. As an advertiser he was a gem of the very first water."

"In barrooms he endorsed Gleason's Elixia of Life as an antidote for the morning after; on the docks of the Pacific Steamship Company he told prospective travelers of the numerous cases of seasickness from which it had saved him. In a week all San Francisco was talking of the new remedy; in a month they were buying it by the barrel."

"McCormick took a suite of rooms in the best hotel, and still continued to preach its virtues. Was he connected with the company that put it on the market? Lord, no, and calling a bell-boy, McCormick would order a bottle for himself. That was his style, sir."

"A hundred times I implored him to allow his name to stand with mine as the makers of the medicine, and a hundred times he firmly refused. He despised egotism, he said; and besides, it was harder for the hand of

vengeance to fall upon two than upon one.

"He was without guile, sir, without a spark of worldiness. He spoke of vengeance when another would have looked for fame. He allowed his light to be hidden under a bushel."

"Such men are rare in these days," I ventured.

"Yes," he said slowly, "as rare as schemes such as the one which climaxed his career. We were in San Francisco when the arrangements for the Democratic Convention of '96 were made, and to Chicago McCormick decided we should go. Gleason's Elixia of Life was unknown to the world at large; he was resolved to make it a household name."

"He was ambitious, sir, deeply ambitious, but only ambitious for the public good. He left me one morning with a choking request to watch the people's health while he was gone, and five days later I received a letter telling me to come on with a supply of the medicine."

"I found him in a little cottage nestling in the Chicago suburbs. A smile was on his face, that smile of benevolence I knew so well. He hated to deceive the public, he said, but the public were indifferent to Gleason's Elixia of Life. He had worked for years to redeem the world's health, and yet was resolved that no pork-packing city should be an obstacle in his path toward success."

"Some men," he remarked, "were born healthy, some achieved health, while with others it was necessary to thrust health upon them. McCormick Ryan was prepared to thrust."

"Next day the convention was called to order, and exhalant Democracy, McCormick Ryan fought for a seat in the gallery and mingled with the common herd."

"From the moment he entered he became a figure of importance. He first attracted attention by taking off his coat and tearing out the sleeves; then he took off one of his shoes, and with true Celtic aim shied it at the delegation from New Jersey. Accounts differ as to what happened after that, but in the end an ambulance took McCormick Ryan to the hospital, with two policemen sitting on his chest."

"Was he crazy?" I asked.

"Yes," said Major Ike, "he was crazy, but crazy, sir, only for the public health. The Chicago evening papers spoke of the lunatic in the convention, and the morning papers added that all through the night he tossed about on his cot, calling wildly for Gleason's Elixia of Life."

"Correspondents wired the story to their papers, and in another day the West was talking of nothing but the wild man and his cry for Elixia of Life. A professor from Central University took McCormick in hand and pronounced him insane; a physiologist from Denver promptly called the university man a liar."

"On the third day of the discussion a San Francisco editor telegraphed his correspondent that Gleason's Elixia of Life was a local remedy, and that the manufacturer had gone to Chicago. That afternoon I called on the chief of police."

Major Ike shifted in his seat and cleared his throat.

"They took me to McCormick Ryan," he said at length. "While they held him I poured some of Gleason's Elixia of Life down his throat. The effect was magical. Thrusting the attendants from him, he sat up, stared blankly around the room a moment, and then dropped back and went to sleep. He was a genius, sir, was McCormick Ryan."

"The next morning the professor examined him and declared him sane, while the gentleman from Denver, taking another peep, discovered traces of insanity. It was a pretty tangle, sir, a pretty tangle, and the newspapers made the most of it. In the end, however, McCormick Ryan was discharged from custody, and arm in arm he and the Denver man went off to dinner. I started back for San Francisco."

"After one adventure of that kind, most men would have given up in despair, but not so McCormick Ryan. His one desire was to let people know of Gleason's Elixia of Life, and from Chicago to the Coast every paper spoke editorially of his miraculous cure."

"He was interviewed and photo-

graphed, and dined by medical men, and the sales of the Elixia increased one thousand fold. Then came a report that a scientific society was about to investigate the medicine. Two days later McCormick appeared in San Francisco.

"It's all up," he said pathetically. "They say the remedy is common water, doctored with a few herbs. Of course it's false, but the people like to be humbugged. They'll believe it. We had better move."

"There were tears in his eyes, sir, tears of genuine regret. While he remained in the office I went to the different banks and drew out our money. In all, there was forty thousand dollars. I gave it to him for safekeeping, and he came to my hotel to spend the night."

"When I awoke in the morning, McCormick Ryan was gone, but a note was on my pillow. He had been robbed during the night, he wrote; he did not have the courage to face me. Grief was eating away his heart."

"As I read, in imagination I could see him going down the years to come, his spirit broken, his philanthropic soul torn by anguish. That my loss would be the principal cause of his regret I did not doubt. He was a man, sir, admirable in his triumphs, but glorious in his defeats. This was one of his defeats."

"Two years ago I learned that he was dead, and, bowing my head, I shed a tear in memory of the noblest, most self-sacrificing man I have ever known. Rockefeller is only a millionaire. If McCormick Ryan had had his opportunities he would have owned the earth. He was a financial genius."

The tower clock struck eleven. Major Ike Gleason rose to go.

"He was shrewd," I admitted.

"Shrewd!" Major Ike turned to stare. "Gad, I should say he was! He was forty thousand dollars shrewd, twenty of which was mine."

IMPORTANCE OF THE SEINE.

There is in France no other trunk line waterway so important as the River Seine between Havre and Paris, a distance of 231 miles by river and 142 miles by rail. This river, connecting not only Paris, but the richest and most fertile portions of interior France with the seaport of Havre, is a striking example of a waterway in which the services of canal and river are directly combined. At Havre, and from that port to Rouen, it has the maritime aspect; from Rouen to Paris it is the river; beyond Paris for approximately 120 miles it is the canal or canalized river to Mery-sur-Seine, the head of its navigation. Its total navigable length is 345 miles (563 kilometers). The work on the Seine itself has involved a total expenditure of \$25,000,000.

While it is true that the railroad rates and the rates on the canals and rivers of France are fixed by the government, and hence do not show the results of natural competition, it is interesting to study the rail and water rates between Paris and Havre; for example, flour by water \$1.93 per ton, by rail \$1.93; grain by water \$1.93, by rail \$1.93; lumber by rail \$1.64, and \$1.54 by water; wine, \$4.95 by rail and \$3.47 by water. This traffic all passes via the Tancarville canal.

The work on the Seine, together with the construction of the great Eastern canal (Canal de l'Est), was undertaken shortly after the establishment of the republic upon the overthrow of Napoleon III. This Canal de l'Est is only nominally a canal. It includes the improved sections of the Meuse and Saone connected by canal. The entire route is 265 miles and the work cost about 100,000,000 francs (\$20,000,000).

From Paris, traffic from the northern provinces and Belgium goes through the Seine, as does the traffic intended for the west via Rouen and Havre. The traffic of the Seine has trebled with the last fifteen years. The waterways of northern France handle the export and import business to and from Belgium, Holland and Germany, as well as other foreign countries reached through the French ports along the English channel.—Hubert Bruce Fuller, in American Review of Reviews for May.

Johanna Severin Svendsen, the Norwegian composer, is dead.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AS HIS NEGRO SERVANT SAW HIM

OLD SERVITOR—NOT SLAVE—TELLS IN QUAIN LANGUAGE THE STORY OF THE CONFEDERATE PRESIDENT'S CAPTURE AND HOW THE "HOOPSKIRT" STORY AROSE — SENATOR BAILEY INTRODUCES HIM TO THE SOUTHERN VETERANS, WHO SHAKE HIS HAND.

I am the only man living that knows where the great seal of the Confederacy was secreted, for I buried it myself and gave my word of honor to Mr. Davis that I would never tell. I kept my word to him while he lived and am not going to break it now that he is dead. On the day that the Jefferson monument was dedicated at Richmond, two men offered me \$15,000 to tell them where the great seal could be found. I looked at that money hard, for I am the poorest man you know, but \$15,000 wasn't enough to make me break my word to Mr. Davis. There isn't money enough in the United States to make me forget that pledge. JAMES HENRY JONES, Jefferson Davis's Body Servant.

I had been up all night washing out the baby's clothes—Miss Winnie's clothes, you know—and I heard the sound of horses' feet a-comin'. Then I knew that the enemy was on us, and I ran down to Mr. Harrison's tent and woke him up.

"I'm gointer wake up Mr. Davis, for the enemy is on us," I said to Mr. Harrison, who was Mr. Davis' secretary.

"Don't you do nothin' of the kind," he said to me. "You are always too busy. You know he needs all the rest he can get tonight."

"You know I wouldn't disturb him for the world unless it was a matter of right, but I tell you the enemy's on us," and so I went to the tent where Mr. Davis and Mrs. Davis was sleepin' and woke them up. And when Mr. Davis was awake I gave him his coffee and while he was drinkin' it the enemy comes up and captures us all. I always gave Mr. Davis his coffee at four o'clock in the morning while he was traveling so fast, and he drank it that morning just the same as though the enemy wasn't there and all of us prisoners."

With his palsied hand held aloft to command attention, his bright though

nearly sightless eyes flashing with enthusiasm from beneath their snow-white brows, and his whole frame trembling as he recalled the events of half a century ago, James H. Jones, Jefferson Davis' old body servant, described to a Public Ledger correspondent the capture of the Confederacy's chief.

Jones, more Indian than African, proud of the fact that he was "born free" and never was a slave, yet still more proud of the circumstances that attracted him to the Davis family during the tragic last days of the Lost Cause, is now spending the evening of his life at the home of his son, a physician, at Deanwood Heights, a little settlement on the outskirts of Washington. For the last eighteen years, until a couple of years ago, he was employed in the stationery room of the United States Senate, and is still well taken care of by a number of the Senators.

Last Monday evening, when the Confederate veterans celebrated the birthday of Jefferson Davis, Senator Bailey of Texas escorted the old man to the hall, introducing him to the assemblage, and during the course of a fine eulogy upon the memory of the President of the Confederate States, dwelt at some length upon the faithfulness of the servant who had followed him through the fortunes of war. And the old Southerners came up and shook hands with the negro.

"And I want to tell you about that mean story they told on Mr. Davis, that story about the woman's clothes," continued Jones, dropping his bony hand to the table with a resounding blow. "It was all a lie, that's what it was, a mean, contemptible lie, for wasn't I standing right there when he was arrested, and wasn't I taken away with him and Mrs. Davis when they were taken to Macon and then to Fortress Monroe? I'll tell you how it started."

"When the enemy came down on us and captured us, it was four

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